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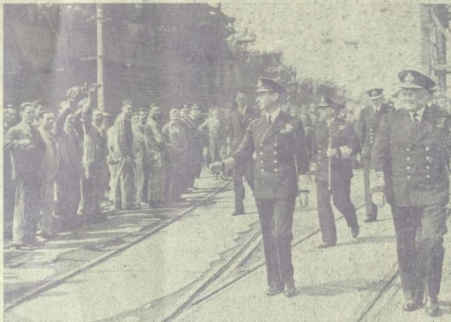
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John J. Evans, Sr., Printer and Proprietor.

St. John's, Newfoundland.

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The Newfoundland Quarterly


Vol. XL.—No. 2.

OCTOBER, 1940.

80 cents per year.

The Blitzkrieg Over Britain.

By W. J. Browne.

HREE months and more have gone by since Mr. Winston Churchill assumed the Prime Ministership of Britain. His popularity with the people has increased daily. Like a rock he stands in the midst of turmoil, unperturbed, busy, concerned about all, defiant, cool, and bearing an air of supreme confidence. The extrication of the British and French forces from Dunkirk was the greatest feat of the war up to date. It has been followed by great preparations in France by Germany for an invasion of England where the army and people are making great preparations to resist such invasion if it should come. The Germans have

planted long-range guns at Cap Gris Nez, the famous destination of cross-Channel swimmers, and from this place they occasionally bomb Dover. At Dover the British have guns of equal range, with which they have bombed the German positions on the French coast. During a month the civilian casualties in Britain from air raids amounted to 2,000, or fifty times those suffered by the Army.

At sea Germany has increased her counter blockade, using airplanes, long-range guns and small E-boats in an attempt to prevent British commerce from going up Channel to London. Having cast all International law to the winds long ago, the German submarines sink all ships indiscriminately.



THE BAND GOES BY.

This is a typical Sunday scene in Britain, the band going by and the troops going to church.

Two ships, carrying refugee children to Canada and the United States, were torpedoed and sunk in September, although, fortunately, one ship suffered no casualties. There was tragic irony in the news that a ship carrying German and Italian prisoners of war was sunk by a German submarine.

Despite the intensity of the German attacks, Great Britain had a greater trade this year than last. German trade, except through Russia and with the Balkans, has come to a standstill. The Canadian Navy captured a German transport in the West Indies.

under cover of darkness, they dropped their bombs over the world's largest city, in what appeared to be indiscriminate fashion. Incendiary bombs destroyed the world-famous stores in Oxford Street. Increased anti-aircraft activity kept the planes at tremendous height, but made the night hideous with its din. Almost a million people spend their nights in air raid shelters or the safer depths of the underground railway stations.

The British have not been led to take reprisals on non-military objectives, but have hammered away at troop concentrations, docks and shipping in the



THE WAR OF MOVEMENT.

The caterpillar-wheeled mechanical vehicles used by Britain are an essential factor in modern warfare of fast movement.

War in the Air.

In the air British fighters have shown a great superiority over the German machines. Frequently outnumbered by four to one, the Allied airmen have swept into the German formations, breaking them up, shooting them down in flames, and driving the scattered remnants back in disorder across the Channel. Over one thousand German machines—some bombers, some fighters—were shot down in September; the British losses in fighters did not equal one-third of this figure. During the month of September, the German air force began the systematic bombing of the City of London. Coming in droves or singly, and flying at a great height,

Channel ports of France and Belgium; they have also carried out nightly raids on railway sidings and junctions, and the great seaport of Hamburg in Northern Germany. They have also been over Berlin, dropping bombs on electric power stations, gas works, and airplane and munition factories, giving the residents of that Prussian city the same medicine which the German *Luftwaffe* had dealt out to the people of London.

The purpose of the indiscriminate attacks on London from the air was to intimidate the people of Britain and drive them from their homes in disorderly flight. Led by their indomitable Prime Minister, the British have kept their nerve. The

King and Queen, whose home in Buckingham Palace was struck with bombs, walked daily through the streets, bringing cheer to other victims of the Nazi Blitz. Wren's masterpiece, the Cathedral of St. Paul's, barely escaped destruction when a huge bomb just missed the building and ploughed its nose twenty-eight feet into the ground alongside. Heroic groups of men, known as bomb-disposal squads, seek after these unexploded missiles, and take them to a marsh where they are exploded. After laborious excavation that discovered a broken gas main, which caught on fire, this bomb was extracted. It weighed nearly a ton, and when exploded made a crater 100 feet across.

under the command of Marshal Graziani, across the western desert, from the Italian bases on the Mediterranean shores of Libya. The Italian bases have been repeatedly bombed by British warships as well as by airplanes, and, as the Italians have to travel along the shore by the only route available for attack on Egypt, they are undertaking a very heavy and extremely difficult military operation, which will tax to the full both the courage, skill and endurance of the Italian troops. It is doubtful if the Italian Government ever considered the possibility of England surviving German aerial Blitz tactics, as it is likely that German spokesmen were over-optimistic in persuading desirable allies.



QUICK WORK.

A searchlight crew run to their posts during one of the practices Britain frequently has to keep her anti-aircraft defences on the alert.

Other churches did not fare so well. From Dover to the North of Scotland many churches, of all denominations, were set on fire or destroyed. One Catholic church had just been completed after nine years saving and working, only to be destroyed in this fashion.

In Africa.

In Africa, the British troops in British Somaliland retired before a much stronger concentration of Italian troops. This capture appears to have had little effect upon the morale of the British Army, who are resisting a much more important offensive,

Free France.

The situation with regard to France is not clear. The Petain Government rule from Vichy, the block of territory allowed them under the Armistice, but even here it is probable German interference is often apparent in Vichy "decisions." But how great a following has this Government in its Colonial Empire? In England General de Gaulle has set up a sort of Government to represent "Free France," i.e. that part of French territory not under German pressure, and he has drawn to his side the governors and people in French Equatorial Africa. General Mittel-

hauser, who succeeded General Weygand in the command of the French forces in the Middle East, accepted orders from Vichy. His Polish allies, fearing such a step, crossed over to Palestine and joined the British before it was too late.

The most serious incident since the Battle of Oran was the attempt to gain possession of the South Atlantic naval and air base of Dakar, in French West Africa, by persuasion. General de Gaulle, with French troops and British warships, approached Dakar after six French ships from Toulon had arrived there. The General sent ashore four officers with a flag of truce, to ask for a parley. General Foch's grandson was one of the officers

Dakar before the arrival of de Gaulle.

War Trials.

At Riom, in France, M. Daladier, first War Premier of France, has been charged with accepting bribes from a foreign government and sending 1,000 French officers to fight on the side of the Spanish Reds in the Spanish Civil War. Pierre Cot, former Minister of Air, has been charged with giving 1,800 airplanes towards the same object. M. Reynaud is charged with leaving the country with 1,500,000 francs of gold. These charges, as well as other revelations, indicate that demoralization of the French nation had been widespread, and was due to the irreligious and immoral lives of her first line



JUST BACK WITH ANOTHER OF THE 180.

All smiles, British pilots, all of whom took part in the actions, listen to the story of an officer (seated in the chair on right) who had just got back from shooting down another German bomber on the day on which Britain destroyed 180 German aircraft and created a new air record.

charged with the message. They were fired on from the shore, and, when attempts were made to land troops, the British ships were fired on by the guns of the "Richlieu" which was in the port. The British returned the fire and damaged the "Richlieu" and sank two submarines. The six Vichy ships attempted to sail further south to some other African port, but were turned back by the British, who did not otherwise molest them. Not wishing to cause bloodshed by one section of Frenchmen fighting another, General de Gaulle withdrew. The sinister feature of this affair is to be found in the report that German and Italian officers had flown to

politicians, who for decades have tolerated and practiced corruption in all branches of the nation's public life. Communism completed the ruin. It is not improbable that the ordeal which France must undergo may bring about a revival of the Ancient Faith which her missionaries had laboured and suffered for centuries to spread throughout the world.

America.

Aroused by the victorious march of Germany's army, and the devastation caused by her blitz over Britain, both Canada and the United States have speeded up productions to help England. Air Marshal Bishop, V.C., reports that the great Empire



MEET TO DISCUSS DEFENCE SCHEME.

Front row, seated—left to right: Captain C. M. R. Schwerdt, C.V.O.; Captain R. S. Crenshaw, U. S. Navy; Hon. L. E. Emerson, K. C., Commissioner for Defence; Brigadier General J. L. Denvers, U. S. Army; Hon. Sir Wilfrid Woods, K.C.M.G., Commissioner for Public Utilities. Back row, standing: Mr. D. B. Summers, Secretary for Justice; Lt.-Col. W. F. Rendell, O. C., Nfld. Militia; Major Townsend Griffiss, Air Corps, U. S. Army; Lt.-Col. O. T. Pfeiffer, U. S. Marine Corps.

Air-Training Scheme, in which young men from Newfoundland are taking part, is months ahead of schedule. On land Canada is building up a huge army of defence, to defend the shores of the Western Hemisphere, to the protection of which the United States has dedicated itself by repeated affirmations of the provisions of the Monroe Doctrine. The effect of that century-old declaration of a former President of the United States was that no European power should ever again obtain territory in this hemisphere. Canada is calling up troops at the rate of 30,000 a month, in support of this idea, and the United States, seriously alarmed for the first time at the possibility of a German victory over England, have speeded up its manufacture of munitions and airplanes, most of which is to be sent to England, in an effort to keep war away from the Americas.

In exchange for air and naval bases in Newfoundland, the West Indies and the Caribbean Sea, the U. S. Government has transferred to England fifty destroyers unused since the last war. Six of them are to be operated by Canada. They are all to be renamed, after towns in England and U.S.A. The leader of one flotilla is called after Prime Minister Churchill. President Roosevelt is supposed to be conducting a political campaign, but he appears to be confident of success. At any rate he is giving all his attention to putting his country on a war footing. Conscription has been adopted without much delay; the National Guard has been called out for training, and plans are being made for the creation of a huge air force and an Atlantic fleet.

Japan.

As an offset to these favourable developments, Japan has, in its usual parrot fashion, adopted the Totalitarian form of Government, and made an alliance with Germany and Italy. It is likely she hopes, in the event of a German victory, to get a large share of the rich spoils from the Eastern possessions of France, England and the Netherlands.

Rumania has lost its king. Carol was deposed in favour of his son Michael. Bulgaria has acquired territory lost a generation ago. Hungary has regained Transylvania. What is left is guaranteed by Italy and Germany. Russia, after taking Besarabia, stands aloof. Poland daily shows its capacity for suffering. No Pole can be found to act as head of a German Protectorate, and, in England, General Sikorski and his troops are standing bravely by Briain's side. Czecho-slovakia has had a change in its National Committee, to make it more

representative of the people, and Benes, once President, has had to retire into the background.

The Vatican.

With the entry of Italy into the war, the Pope has been compelled to remain silent on many issues. The Vatican official paper, "Osservatore Romano," has not been allowed even to publish foreign official news. Nevertheless the Holy Father, who is reported to be praying and fasting always, never loses an opportunity to stress his concern for the countries which have been the victims of brutal aggression. His solicitude for the sick and suffering and oppressed peoples of Europe never wanes.

Spain.

Germany and Italy are making strong efforts to draw Spain into their orbit. There is much resentment in Spain against the pro-Red attitude of previous British and French Governments. Against this is to be reckoned the appalling possibilities of a German victory over England. Nothing could stop the old Prussian dream of World Conquest. Arid and useless African territory might be allotted to her allies, but Germany would keep for herself the choicest possessions. Such an issue is unthinkable. Yet, if we believe we are fighting for a just cause, and that Western civilization is in the balance, something more is necessary than talking about it. That is why it is consoling to find that both King George and President Roosevelt have called upon all their peoples to intercede with Almighty God to protect our cause.

It is not certain that all realize even yet how serious the issues are in this struggle, because one would expect a greater awakening to religion, to the true spirit of Christian teaching that "we have not here a lasting Kingdom"—that this life is but a preparation for the next. Lord Halifax, the British Foreign Minister, in a fine broadcast, asked God to make us worthy of the holy cause in which we are engaged. "The London Times" has renewed its demands for religious teachings in the schools of England. It has shown, too, a consideration for the poor, who, as it admits, have been too much neglected in our pursuit for wealth.

The future is dark and uncertain, but we may be sure that, if we make ourselves worthy by faithful adherence to God's laws, and a humble acceptance of His Holy Will, and a firm Faith in his Goodness and Greatness, He will not desert us

—When nights are dark
And the seas roll high."



The Call of the Children.

The "Athenia," 1939, Warsaw; London, 1940.

By Eunice T. Holbrook Ruel.

A LITTLE Child who faced the cruel foe—
A little Child who braved the cold dark sea,
A little Child who led a martyred host
Of little Children to eternity.

Meek-eyed—obedient, like playful lambs,
They felt the savagery of Hitler's host:
Meek-eyed, obedient—with outstretched hands,
Like Jesus on the cross, gave up the Ghost.

And now, content, forever more they play
In emerald fields of fragrant Paradise.
For them it was the dawning of a day
Of happy faces and of merry eyes.

For them it was the tender arms of Jesus,
And feathery wings to wave away their fears;
And little cherubs smiling shyly at them,
And God himself to wipe away their tears.

But, O! the little bodies bruised, left bleeding,
The cruelty that must be forced to cease.
The mothers' tears! The sound of Rachel weeping;
The lives laid down, that we might rest in peace.

Vengeance is Thine: O mighty God in Heaven,
Send forth Thy Angel Legions in their might;
Nothing can stand before great Michael's fury,
No nation hold against Thy Sword of Light.

Send Gabriel with his trumpet's inspiration
To every weary war-worn son of Thine;
To rouse the conscience of each shrinking nation;
Strengthen the feeble—Fire the fighting line.

So as Thy Mighty Will is done in Heaven—
And there was war in Heaven—when evil strove
To wrest Thy Holy Power and steal Thy Kingdom;
So come and help us fight—O God of Love.

So all mankind shall see Thy Righteous Anger,
So all mankind may own Thy Inviolable Word;
And all mankind behold Thy awful glory
And rest—or cringe—beneath Thy two-edged sword.

Rosemere, November 15th, 1939.

Indian Summer.

By Marjorie Woody Scott.

THE air of Indian Summer
Is mellow, amber wine,
Ferment of half forgotten scenes
That bloom in golden sunlight.
I draw deeply of its sweetness,
Let it hush me, warm my blood,
As I dream upon a hill-top
The past is rising like a flood.
I see a dark-eyed copper maiden
Beckon to her brave,
I see the smoke from wigwams
Curl up and mingle with the haze,
To float above the river;
I see the bold-faced cliff, the woodland,
And the limitless reach of prairie,
All untouched by pale-skinned hand,
As the languorous days of Indian Summer
Gift of the Great Spirit,
Rest upon the land.



Franz Schubert.

William James Robinson.

HIS music pours like perfume from a rose,
Sweet as the fragrance from Elysian Dells;
Up from his ardent heart in floods it wells;
And spreads enchantment everywhere it goes.
True harmony for atmosphere he chose
So that each chord with flaming beauty swells;
His symphonies the wildest passion quells,
As to seraphic heights their music flows.

We cherish all his wondrous harmonies.
They fill our hearts with rapture quite sublime
And change to ecstasies our saddest plights.
A singer of entrancing melodies,
Whose genius gives delight to every clime
And soothes the weeping Earth when discord blights.



COFFIN POOL—A HURDLE TO TEST THE LEAPING SALMON—
MITCHELL'S BROOK, LONG HARBOUR, FORTUNE BAY.

The Passing of Sir Wilfred Thomas Grenfell, M.D.

Gave 40 Years of His Life in the Service of the People of Labrador and Northern Newfoundland.

SIR Wilfred Grenfell died October 9th at his home in Charlotte, Vermont. He was 75 years of age and had been in failing health for some time. Although under treatment for heart trouble the missionary continued the work that brought him renown as the Good Samaritan of Labrador and Northern Newfoundland.



THE LATE SIR WILFRED GRENFELL, M.D.

Sir Wilfred had been playing croquet during the afternoon and had retired to rest a while before eating. He died a short time later. During the day he spent some time working on his future programme for the Grenfell Association.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

(By Associated Press)

Sir Wilfred Grenfell forsook the comforts of civilization and assured success in the medical profession, to devote more than forty years to the spiritual and physical needs of the Eskimo, Indians

and fisher-folk of Labrador and Northern Newfoundland.

He began his work in that bleak region in 1892. He navigated ships up and down the treacherous coast, journeyed inland afoot or by dog team over wind-swept fields of ice and snow, came out to enlist more and more aid for his people, and built a chain of hospitals, schools and relief centers.

His active participation in the work virtually ended in October, 1934, when, as he sailed from Boston for a lengthy stay in his native England, he remarked sadly:

"I'm getting too old to drive dog teams and I'm afraid I must take it easy until the time comes to cash in my checks."

Hardships and years of intense physical exertion had brought on a chronic heart condition which forced him to "take it easy." But he continued to do what he could for Labrador, and last year, in his 74th year, he visited St. Anthony, the headquarters of the mission, and deposited in a stone vault there the ashes of his wife. This was his first visit since 1934.

In the more than four decades of unceasing medical and social service, Sir Wilfred saw his humane mission expand from a single ship to a chain of hospitals, nursing stations, community centers and schools. His work drew approbation and financial support from Canada, Great Britain and the United States, and brought him renown as "the Good Samaritan of Labrador."

Honoured By Kings.

Edward VII. made him a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George in 1906, and George V. advanced him to Knighthood as a Commander in that Order in 1927. Harvard, Williams, Princeton, Middlebury, New York, Bowdoin and Berea in the United States, Toronto and McGill in Canada, and Oxford in England, gave him honorary degrees, and scientific and medical organizations on both sides of the Atlantic voted him into membership.

He was born February 28, 1865, at Parkgate, near Cheshire, England, the son of Algernon and Jane Georgina Grenfell, and was christened Wilfred Thomason. He was educated at Marlborough

Boys' School, Oxford University and London Hospital. As an interne he worked to alleviate distress among the poor of London, and Sir Frederick Treves, personal physician to Edward VII. and one of his medical mentors, helped to start him on his missionary work by aiding him in fitting out the first hospital ship in the North Sea of the Royal National Mission.

This work took Grenfell cruising with the fishing fleets from Iceland to the Bay of Biscay. It lasted three years, and then he met Sir Francis Hopgood who, in 1917, became Baron Southborough. Hopgood, a distinguished barrister and head of a mission board, had just returned from one of several trips to Newfoundland, knew the need for medical aid there and in Labrador, and persuaded Dr. Grenfell to

haul-up slip for ship repairs. The staff included sixty surgeons, dentists, nurses, teachers and welfare workers. Upwards of a hundred volunteers worked each summer in the various mission stations.

Lady Grenfell, who long shared in her husband's labours, was Miss Anna Elizabeth MacClanahan of Chicago. They were married in 1909 and became the parents of two sons and a daughter.

Grenfell played Rugby with the Oxford University team as a student, and built up a physical endurance which stood him in good stead throughout his active years.

It was a man-sized job which faced him when his schooner touched its first Labrador port one June evening in 1892. The first person to greet him was a thinly-clad young fisherman who sought aid



GRENFELL HOSPITAL AND INDUSTRIAL BUILDING, AT ST. ANTHONY, NFLD.

undertake the work. A hospital ship was outfitted and reached the sparsely settled coast in 1892.

Big Organization Evolved.

At first Grenfell worked only from the ship. He held a ticket as master mariner and navigated the craft up and down the coast. But soon the first shore station was established and the work thereafter grew. In 1912 it was incorporated as The International Grenfell Association with members in three nations.

When its guiding spirit retired from active work in 1934, it operated five hospitals, seven nursing stations, two orphanages (two others had burned), fourteen industrial centers, four summer schools, three agricultural stations, twelve clothing distributing centers, four hospital ships, one supply schooner, a dozen community centers, several co-operative stores, a co-operative lumber mill, and a

for a man who had broken a leg, and said: "We've never had a doctor in these parts."

Found 15,000 Poor Patients.

Beri-beri and snow-blindness were common ailments among the scattered fisher folk. Many of the necessities and virtually all the comforts of life were lacking among them, and they had no means of obtaining them. In the region were about 2,000 Eskimos, nearly 3,000 Indians, and some 10,000 whites—mostly of old English and Scotch stock—simple, hardy people, but mostly illiterate.

Grenfell's task was two-fold. First he had to educate his charges to the need for prompt medical and surgical treatment of their ailments. Then he had to establish regular stations to provide this treatment.

Hospitals eventually were set up in a chain 150 miles apart. Midway between the hospitals nursing

stations were opened. Each of these institutions in time became equipped with motor boats and dog teams, to enable mercy workers to reach isolated patients at sea or ashore. The chain extended along the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland and into the Straits of Belle Isle, as far west as Harrington.

The work called for perilous trips in all kinds of weather. For Grenfell, for example, there was the time in June, 1908, when he was adrift on an ice floe off the coast of Labrador for several days. His worst danger was from the hunger-maddened dogs of his team which tried to drag him down. He beat them off but was near exhaustion when rescued.

In the early part of the World War Dr. Grenfell was a medical officer in France, with the rank of major. He went overseas in 1915 in charge of a Harvard University hospital unit, but returned to Labrador in 1916.

Had Faith in North.

Sir Wilfred, despite the living conditions of the country and its seemingly scant resources, saw Labrador as a vast storehouse of potential wealth. In lectures, interviews and writings, he frequently warned civilization against overlooking the region, and on one occasion said:

"Just give us roads on which automobiles can make ten miles an hour and we'll astonish the world."

He set down his experiences and observations in a series of books, of which "The Romance of Labrador" won him the gold medal of the Royal Empire Society of England in 1934. A biographical work, first published as "A Labrador Doctor," was rewritten and retitled "Forty Years for Labrador" in 1932. Other typical works were "Northern Neighbours," "A Man's Helpers," and "What Christ Means To Me."

Sir Wilfred was a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England and of the American College of Surgeons. He held medals from the National Academy of Social Science of America, the Royal Geographic Society of England and the Royal Scottish Geographic Society. In 1929 he was named Rector of St. Andrew's University.

An unusual honour was conferred upon him in 1928, when he was chosen as the fifth Honourary Knight for life of the Loyal Knights of the Round Table. The rank, given only to men who have rendered great service to humanity, is limited to 128 for all time, corresponding to the number of Knights who sat around the legendary table of King Arthur. The four who received the honour previous to Sir Wilfred's election were Thomas A. Edison, Charles Evans Hughes, Robert Andrews Millikan, and Luther Burbank.

Hon. Colonel Nfld. Artillery.



His Excellency the Governor is in receipt of a telegram from the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs, informing him that His Majesty the King has been pleased to signify his willingness to become Honorary Colonel of the 57th Newfoundland Heavy Regiment of the Royal Artillery.

Junior Jubilee University Scholarship 1940.



MISS DOROTHY H. EVANS.



THIS year's \$500.00 Junior Jubilee University Scholarship was awarded to Miss Dorothy Helena Evans of St. John's.

Miss Evans led the Island in the 1940 Grade XI C. H. E. Examinations after a brilliant scholastic record at the Academy of Our Lady of Mercy, where she received both her elementary and high school education. In addition to the Scholarship award, Miss Evans was the recipient of a Gold Medal presented by His Grace the Archbishop for first place in

class, and the winner of the Chemistry prize. In the previous year she had won the Grade X. Academy Scholarship as did her sister Elizabeth some years before.

During the years spent at the Academy of Our Lady of Mercy, Miss Evans not only distinguished herself as a student and as a person of pleasing personality, but took an active part in extra curricular activities, especially in Dramatics and as a contributor to "Inter Nos," the Academy Magazine. Her Grade XI results, in which she obtained the splendid average of ninety per cent., were the natural fulfilment of the promise of years of conscientious work by a very capable student and a well integrated course of studies under the guidance of the Sisters of Mercy. If past achievement is any gauge of the future, a very successful academic career opens before this keen student who has joined the ranks of the Freshman Class at the Memorial University College.

Dorothy is the daughter of Mr. John Evans, Jr., and the late Mrs. Evans (Elizabeth Murphy, well known in the West End of St. John's). Mr. John Evans, Sr., the proprietor of THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY, is Miss Evans' grandfather, and the writer of this tribute to the winner of this year's Junior Jubilee University Scholarship joins Mr. Evans' many friends in congratulating Dorothy and the family.

After The Rain.

By Bertille Tobin.

FLAGSTAFF, the Quarry, and Sarey Brien *
Wear grey snoods of mist this morning,
Whilst their mantles of sober spruce and fir
Have filmy scarves adorning.

In meadows below green spots appear
Where late all was sadly faded,
For welcome rain has refreshed the earth
That was with the heat so jaded.

White horses are not dashing to-day
Over the staid old ocean,
Which seems to be calmly sleeping away
As if guileless of commotion.

The air has a heady wholesome tang
As nerving as mellowed wine,
But there's not a sound of a bird, as yet,
For the sun they seem to pine.

And, e'en as I write, it brighter grows,
And yonder, over the Vale,
Sarey Brien's head is peeping through,
As her mist snood grows more frail!

* Hills in King's Cove.

A Home Song.

By Rev. Walter Bugden.

LAND OF HOME—love beside the blue sea,
Where winds from the ocean blow free!
We shall sing thee once more,
As our kindred of yore.

Sang aloud their first greetings to thee.

Land of toil, our election and fame,
Still in faith with the race whence we came!
Here afar o'er the deep
Where the storm-billows sweep,
We are true to our calling and name.

Land of joy by the loud-sounding strand
Where the waves roll their muse on the sand;
We are sons of the sea,
There we share in its glee
And acclaim thee our own native land.

Land of Home! We will lift the refrain,
When our gaze turns in hope to the main,
Far away on the wave,
We shall dare to be brave,
And cheer for our Home Land again.



GUNNER E. D. TRAINOR.

First Casualty in Royal Artillery

Early on Saturday morning, September 21st, Dermot Trainor, No. 970197 of the Royal Artillery, died from gunshot wounds in an hospital somewhere in Sussex, England. He is the first casualty of the Newfoundland Unit of the Royal Artillery in this war.

He was twenty-one years old and educated at St. Bonaventure's College, and was afterwards employed at Cash's Tobacco Store. He left here with the first contingent in April.

To his parents Mr. and Mrs. George F. Trainor, of this city, it was a great consolation to know that their son had received the last rites of the Church from the Catholic Chaplain of the Regiment. May he rest in peace.



Second Lieutenant Jack Lee of the Royal Artillery, son of Ex-Conductor P. Lee and the late Mrs. Lee, formerly of Carbonear, and later of Holyrood, and well known in St. John's. Left with 1st contingent.



Lance-Bombardier Geoffrey Carnell and Gunner Chesley G. Scurrey, who went overseas with the first Artillery draft. Geoffrey Carnell is the son of His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Carnell, and Chesley Scurrey is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Scurrey, Monroe Street, and was an employee of Carnell's Carriage Factory, Duckworth Street, before joining up.



Holoway Photo.

A DRIVEWAY IN BOWRING PARK, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

❁ Princess Elizabeth Makes First Broadcast. ❁

Tells Children of the World that the Children of Britain
Are Full of Cheerfulness and Courage.



PRINCESSES MARGARET ROSE AND ELIZABETH.

(By courtesy "Daily News," also engraving on page 9)

LONDON, October 13, (C.P.)—Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth made her first broadcast to-day to the children of the British Empire. In an address which lasted four minutes, Princess Elizabeth told her hearers that the children of Britain "are full of cheerfulness and courage. We know, every one of us, that in the end all will be well. And when peace comes remember that it will be for us, the children of to-day, to make the world a better and happier place."

Princess Elizabeth displayed no sign of emotional strain or nervousness as she delivered her address. The King and Queen listened in the same room to the address which was as follows: -

"In wishing you all good evening I feel that I am speaking to friends and companions who have shared with my sister and myself many happy

children's hours. Thousands of you in this country have had to leave your homes and be separated from your fathers and mothers. My sister, Margaret Rose, and I feel so much for you as we know from experience what it means to be away from those we love most of all. To you who are living in new surroundings we send a message of true sympathy, and at the same time we would like to thank the kind people who have welcomed you to their homes in the country. All of us children who are still at home think continually of our friends and relations who have gone overseas and who have travelled thousands of miles to find a war-time home and a kindly welcome in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and the United States of America. My sister and I feel we know quite a lot about these countries. Our father and mother have so often talked to us of their visits to different

parts of the world, so it is not difficult for us to picture the sort of life you are all leading, and think of all the new sights you must be seeing and the adventures you must be having. But I am sure you, too, are often thinking of the Old Country. I know you won't forget us. It is just because we are not forgetting you that I want, on behalf of all the children at home, to send my love and best wishes to you and your kind hosts as well.

"Before I finish I can truthfully say to you all we children at home are full of cheerfulness and courage. We are trying to do all we can to help our

gallant sailors, soldiers and airmen, and we are trying to bear our share of the danger and sadness of war. We know, every one of us, that in the end all will be well, for God will care for us and give us victory and peace. And, when peace comes, remember it will be for us children of to-day to make the world of to-morrow a better and a happier place.

"My sister is by my side and we are both going to say good-night to you. Come on, Margaret!" Princess Margaret Rose then said "Good-night, children," and Princess Elizabeth said "Good-night and good luck to you all."



THE FIELD OF WATERLOO

By the Late Lord Morris, in 1914.

"Thou first and last of fields!
King making victory!"—Byron.

WHEN Parnell died in 1891 a friend said to Lord Salisbury:—"You must have known Parnell intimately?" "I never saw him" was the reply; "I went to the House of Lords from the House of Commons on the death of my father in 1868. I understand Parnell did not enter the House of Commons until 1875." "But surely," insisted his friend, "in all the years you were in office as Prime Minister between 1875 and 1891, when the Irish question was acute, and the Irish vote important from a party standpoint, you must have met and conversed with Parnell?" "I never saw him" was the reply.

I have not seen this story vouched for, but I believe it to be a fact. It was told me by one very close to Lord Salisbury, and I have no reason to doubt its veracity. It illustrates the character of the man as compared with Gladstone, his great rival and Parliamentary opponent. Anyone who has read the life of Parnell, recently written by his widow (Mrs. O'Shea), will find there the story of the negotiations between her and Gladstone in relation to the Kilmainham Treaty. They bring out in bold relief the men and their methods—Salisbury and Gladstone. Gladstone was essentially a reformer. Having satisfied himself as to the need and justice of a reform, he pursued it with all the vigour and earnestness of his nature, and no assistance was too small or inconsiderate to be recognized, or sought, in accomplishing his ends. What would in others

be regarded as intrigue and conspiracy, was by him glorified into negotiation and diplomacy founded on principles of the highest morality. Salisbury was ponderous and slow and believed in allowing things to naturally evolve themselves. Gladstone was for forcing the pace.



WELLINGTON.

Gladstone was not alone a great statesman but a modern politician, and to that end was untiring in the development of every factor that contributed for the time being to the paramount object he had in view. The fact that he was intimate with Parnell

(Continued on page 37.)

ROOSEVELT DECLARES POLICY.

WILL CONTINUE ALL POSSIBLE HELP TO THE DEFENDERS OF FREEDOM

DAYTON, Ohio, October 12—(C. P.)—President Roosevelt in an address to the nation on Saturday night laid down the policy of his administration as one of "total defence" of the Western Hemisphere against total attack from any part of the world and the continuation of all aid short of war to Britain.

"No combination of the dictator countries of Europe or Asia will stop the help we are giving to

co-operation which is being displayed by both labour and industry.

President Roosevelt said the United States is co-operating with its neighbours in the matter of Hemisphere defences. "We have adopted the slogan All for one and one for all." The United States will continue its good neighbour policy and is ready to extend a friendly hand to friendly nations.

The President said the new British Empire bases which have been acquired by the United States have greatly increased the effectiveness of the U. S. Navy. He said the United States is arming because great strength of arms is the only practical way of fulfilling our hopes for peace and staying out of this war or any other war.

Mr. Roosevelt said the American people would remain free, for the men and women of Britain have shown how free people defend what they know to be right. "Their heroic defence of the principles of freedom and justice will be recorded for all time. It will be perpetual proof that democracy, when put to the test, can show the stuff of which it is made."

The President declared the Americas will not be scared or threatened into the ways the dictators want us to follow. Our course is clear. Our decision is made. We will continue with our defence works and will maintain our aid to those people who to-day are opposing the aggressors.

Mr Roosevelt warned the nations of the Americas against accepting any assurances from the dictator nations. He reminded his hearers that Holland, Belgium and Norway had been given similar assurances. Mr. Roosevelt also stated that the people of the United States will reject any attempt at appeasement. Appeasement, said the President, only hastens the attack. Appeasement has now become a major weapon of the aggressor.

Concluding, the President said the United States insists, on the peaceful use of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans for trade and commerce. He voiced his confidence in the ability of the Americas, bound together by the spirit of good neighbours, to resist any infiltration of alien political and economic ideals which would destroy our freedom and democracy. "Long live democracy!"



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.
(Courtesy - Daily News.)

almost the last free people fighting to hold them at bay."

Referring to the armament programme, President Roosevelt said the United States is arming only for the defence of the Western Hemisphere, and is not looking for war. The United States had been forewarned by the attacks of the dictator nations upon defenceless countries. The President said the United States defence plans are making amazing strides in the strengthening of the Navy and Air Force, and paid a tribute to the splendid spirit of

Vital Statistics of Burgeo

Between 1860 and 1925.

Edited by Rev. Dr. H. W. Cunningham.

SUCH is the title given to one hundred and twenty closely written pages of foolscap left behind him after his passing by my brother-in-law the late Mr. Joseph H. Small, J.P., and for many years Stipendiary Magistrate of Burgeo.

They are divided by the author into four Chapters, with a closing short writing on "Fish and Prices at that Time." Chapter I. would include early settlers, the first clergymen, government officials, doctors, mercantile establishments. Chapter II.: labours of Mr. Blackmore, visits of Archdeacons Wix and Bridge, lists of clergy up to date,

packed in these pages by him who for nearly 70 years lived amongst the people of that part of Newfoundland, which struck me as well worth preserving in permanent form. I doubt if there is any other out harbour that can point to such a local history as is contained in the "vital statistics" of Burgeo—1800—1925—by our late Magistrate. The Supreme Court when on circuit often praised him for his records as well as for magisterial efficiency. His genealogical knowledge of the people was extraordinary. From Pass Island to Cape Ray he knew the history of every person. I like to think that it would please him to know that his "statistics" were being shown to the public; and I am pleased that I can employ part of my leisure from active work in assisting to that end.

H. W. CUNNINGHAM,

Hon. Canon All Saints Cathedral, Halifax,

Hantsport, N. S.

CHAPTER I.

I had much conversation in the past with my life long friend James Matthews who passed to his rest a few years ago, regarding the coming to Burgeo of his people. He was of the opinion from what he heard his father say on more than one occasion, that their first coming to Burgeo was in, or very close to 1800, and that they had moved from Cape La Hune. When Grand-father Matthews came with his family, they settled on Slade's Island better known to more modern inhabitants as Small's Island. They found it well wooded, with plenty of timber large enough for building their house and ordinary boats, besides the large sea-going boat in which they would make their journeys to Jersey Harbour at settling time, spring and fall.

The family was large, four sons and six daughters, and they all had to work to build their house and stage, and my friend said that his father would often remark, "Talk about work, we did work in those days." Later on in this record this great family with all others will be fully mentioned and their descendants who were living when the writer came in 1860. I will now mention that the grandmother of the family was a Bagg, daughter of the founder of Cape La Hune family which came originally



BURGIO.

building of churches and schools. Chapter III.: wrecks, marine and other disasters. Chapter IV.: gives a history of families far too long for this present method of publication. It would need to be issued in book form: very valuable for present and past living Burgeo people and their descendants. During my annual rest month at Burgeo I had heard him speak of these writings, and now that he is gone, at my request I have received from Mr. J. H. Small, J.P., M.B.E., Director of Government Telegraph Services, the sheets of statistics and will copy those that can appear in THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY. I shall bracket any additional matter that may strike me as illustrative or explanatory, supplying also a few numbered notes by way of editorial privilege whensoever I feel it necessary or helpful. There is a large amount of material

from Burin or St. Lawrence. Another daughter of this family married Benjamin Keeping who was well known to the writer and founder of Burnt Islands. Another married John Pink whose body lies buried at Deer Island, at the mouth of White Bear Bay, another to Mr. Barter of La Hune and well known to me, another to Mr. Charles Collie, head of the Burgeo and Otter's Point Colliers. When Mr. Matthews came to Burgeo there was only one family settled here before him, a Mr. Currie, and his house was where the John Guy homestead has stood since 1855. This Currie moved to Rose Blanche, one son married before 1860 and he was the progenitor of the family now living at Channel. I was personally acquainted with John, of Isles au Morte in the early seventies. He would tell stories of his great strength, how he

appointed Stipendiary Magistrate in 1886. Thomas J. Murphy son of provincial Engineer of Nova Scotia, a graduate of Belle Vue Medical College N.Y., came to us in 1888. He remained one year and removed to practise in St. John's. (His after career was by way of New York City, Halifax and the war 1914-18, where he was considered one of the cleverest surgeons. He died of T.B. after a long illness in Montreal 1936.) Dr. Finlay MacDonald came in 1890 and practised for twenty-eight years, then retired to his home at Sherbrooke N.S. where he only lived a little over a year, dying suddenly of heart failure. He was a kind hearted man and a good neighbor. Dr. Kean succeeded him in 1919 and is with us at this date.

Mercantile Establishments.

From the earliest times up to 1835, when John B. Cox came, there was no merchant settled here, but trading vessels only, sailing from Jersey Harbor and La Poile. Mr. Cox built first at West Burgeo on the harbour side of the sand banks. After a few years he removed to Burgeo, and built premises owned by the great firm of DeGruchy, Renouf, Clement & Co. from 1864 to 1885 about when a change was made, and the business then became that of Clement & Co.; but for some years now Henry Clement has been the sole owner.

Going back to Mr. Cox, who after continuing business a few years saw a great competitor come on the shore from Harbour Breton, Messrs Newman, Hunt & Co., a very old firm in Fortune Bay; also had Rooms at St. Lawrence and other places. This firm must have come as early as 1840 or a little later. They started building at Mercers; put up a large house, shop and store. Mr. Cox, being a very shrewd man, (our old friend William Billard used to say "He had such a miserably head.") saw that he could do nothing with this firm as competitors, sold his property to them and moved to Prince Edward Island, and for many years carried on an extensive business and became a member of Parliament. While doing business here he had as partner with him one Francis Antoine, son of the agent of Nicoll & Co. of La Poile. He went to P.E. Island with Mr. Cox, but not long after returned, report said, with lots of experience but no money. He married a Miss Bagg of La Hune a cousin a cousin of the Burgeo Matthews. Mr. Antoine went to St. Pierre and entered into business, backed by the experience of former ventures, with the Nicolls and Cox; was successful; became a Judge and was on the bench up to the time of his death, which was in the nineties. He was well known to the Matthews family here.



DRYING FISH AT BURGEO.

lifted half a barrel of what was supposed to be peas but turned out to be a half a barrel of shot!

At the time of Mr. Matthews' coming, there were at West (or Upper) Burgeo two families of Andersons, or so it was understood, but I am of the opinion that there was but one and he came from Burin. Whether one or two they are the progenitors of the Andersons of Otter's Point, West Point (La Poile) and West Burgeo; Joseph and John now living here are the representatives of this very old family, the first no doubt to settle in West Burgeo.

These two families, and others were long here before a clergyman was settled among them which was not until 1842. From the time of the earliest settlers in 1800, there was no medical man on this shore until the coming of Dr. Morris from St. John's. I have never heard how long he practised but he had left previous to 1860. There was no doctor at Burgeo then, until the coming of G. Quilton Hunt in 1861, who practised until he was

To take up my main story again the Newmans built fine premises here, adding four large stores shop and office, two cookrooms a cooperage, all, or most of all still standing previous to 1925. The first agent was a Mr. Stevens who retired in the early fifties and went to England and was living in 1879. He was succeeded by Mr. Robert Dawe of Devenport, a very fine man, who remained till 1861, when he and his family returned to England in September. The next agent was Mr. James Watkins who remained till this firm closed up the business in 1862 and moved everything to Gaultois. I think it was the next year that the new Jersey firm of DeGruchy, Renouf Clementt & Co. bought "the Old Room" as it has always been called, and I suppose always will be as long as business is carried on there. These two pages give a short account of Mr. Cox and his successors and why he built at West Burgeo—more people living there than here. The first settlers built on the Sandbanks; Anderson owing to the good land kept much cattle, and depended on this source of income as much as on the fishery, as they only prosecuted the summer fishery. I will give a short account of the families here in the thirties to the fifties so that the descendants, of which there are many along this shore and in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia and in the United States, may know where their people lived when they came years ago from Burin district and from Hermitage Bay.

West Burgeo Families.

West Burgeo families living on the Sandbanks and the Islands: John Anderson, Frederick Cox, Thomas Anderson, John B. Cox, Francis Antoine, Samuel Cox, Henry Strickland, James Matthews, John Matthews, Lambert Forward, William Anderson, Edward Anderson, Augustus Chevalier, Richard Skeard, Robert Rose, Geo. Dicks, Geo. Keeping, Jonathan Rose, Robert Harris, James Blumplied, Francis Read, Christopher Dicks, William Major, William Mead, William Anderson and Edward Anderson, Sr. These Andersons were, no doubt, the first settlers before Burgeo had an inhabitant.

The Sandbanks was the attractive spot of the Burgeos in summertime. It was a two-mile row from Burgeo to Potato Point, the landing spot on the Eastern Sandbanks. Then there was a walk across through grass, wild strawberries and gooseberries. Continuing on after resting at Mr. Ford's for a glass of milk you came to the Western Sandbanks and Fox Point, from whence flats would take us to the island, where the church was, and where the most people lived. When further rested,

the big boys, who had rowed us, would climb the spruce trees which then grew there, and discover material for a "chaw of frankum."

To carry on the story I must go back and finish the business people as they appear on the scene.

Nicol & Co., of La Poile and Jersey Harbour, kept trading schooners up and down the shore, supplying their dealers up to September 10th. Then came what my old friend Skipper Lambert Forward used to call "The Day of Judgment." The dealers would go to La Poile to settle up. There they would meet friends from different harbours, and have some "half-pints," together, and talk over the voyage. Among this gathering were two of the Andersons of West Burgeo—one who killed the best voyage of fish, the other who caught the most fur. One would have a dried fish tail on his cap, the other a tail of some kind of fur on his. The above firm built in Burgeo somewhere in the forties, and a nice compact Room they had, when the writer came in 1860. Mr. George Samways is the present owner of the location and what is left of the premises, house, office and beach. The first agent was Mr. Picot, after him Mr. Fillenly, uncle of Mr. Philip F., still living. Next came the late Mr. Charles Middleton De Quette Ville, always known as Mr. Middleton, who lived sixty years in Burgeo, dying at Jersey about 1900. He was agent up to 1863, when the firm failed. They attempted to carry on, and did so for one year, but eventually closed up in 1864, selling everything that could be sold, both here, La Poile and Jersey Harbour, where they had great premises, the finest in the country. DeGruchy, Renouf, Clement & Co., bought all the Rooms after a few years. Before buying the Room here it was purchased by LeGros, Dallan and Le Gros, of Jersey firm, but did not carry on more than two years. Mr. Philip McCourt and his agent here, Miss Matthews, took it over from Clement & Co. in the eighties, and the business was carried on under the name of McCourt & Matthews. After his death it all fell into the hands of Miss Matthews, later on to Mr. Samways. Mr. Middleton went to the Old Room to assist Mr. Fillenly, who died in 1872, when Mr. M. was appointed agent, and stayed till 1876. He then went into business for himself, putting up premises on Furby's Point, which, not being successful, were sold to Mr. Thomas Moulton, who enlarged and did well, leaving at his death, in 1920, a fine estate.

To follow the business history of Burgeo: The next to come on the scene was Mr. John Furneaux, formerly a clerk of Newman & Co. After leaving

this firm he went to St. John's and became engaged as a store-keeper for Harvey & Co., but, feeling sure of a business success in Burgeo, on account of his former employ, he obtained supplies from W. Thomas & Co., came here and put up a Room on Slade's (now Small's) Island. He became insolvent in 1859. He removed to Cape Breton in 1861. His wife was a Miss Winter of St. John's—a name well known in trade and politics. Mr. Furneaux later went into business at Baddeck, and came on this shore with cattle and lumber, and did good business. He returned to Channel in '68, and was appointed agent for the firm of Ridley & Co. This firm failing in 1870, he removed to Rose Blanche, and later was made Sub-Collector, which office he held until he

vated oven which turned the trade that way. Bowley & Small dissolved in 1864; but Captain Small, as he was always known, took over the business and carried on up to his death in 1890. Such are some of the people who came and departed, and as I think who am a descendant, did not leave people the worse for their coming.

Mr. Wilson of Saint John, N.B., built two stores at Hunts Island in 1858 or 1859. He was in the salt herring trade with market in the Southern States, but the Civil War killed that trade. His last loads were in 1863. He never came again. During the fifties I have been told as many as 12 schooners loaded bulk and barrelled herring in Burgeo in November and December, and at Burnt



ROSE BLANCHE HARBOUR.

became incapacitated, about 1893. His son Richard held the appointment up to 1923.

In 1860 Bowley & Small took over the above premises and opened business. This firm had been trading from this shore since 1857, with the United States, for salt salmon and were pioneers in frozen herring business, loaded at Grand Bruit in Dec. 1856 and the following three winters. Capt. Henry Smith of Salem Mass. was the first to embark in this business at Rose Blanche, 1855, and finally opened business there and built at Harbor LeCou. The writer then points out that Bowley & Small brought into their trade a new class of goods, many articles not kept by the Jersey and English firms, such as kerosene, cotton lines, manila rope, oil clothing, clocks—every house from Grand Bruit to Rencontre had a clock—cotton duck, double barreled guns, wooden pails, beans and other goods too numerous to mention. They also brought the first cooking stoves of which hundreds were sold up to 1865 when St. John's started manufacturing the ele-

Island, Rose Blanche and other harbors, herring were plentiful from October to February. The failure of herring on this shore, commenced in 1860, vessels went to Fortune Bay. Since then they have been taken in Bay de Vieux chiefly for bait for the Western Shore fishery. A business began by Mr. Kenneth McLea & Sons of St. John's soon fell into the hands of Ridley of Rose Blanche.

The Co-operative Venture.

In 1878 a co-operative store was started in Burgeo by Joseph Dicks, a keen-minded fisherman and one of the largest shareholders. My life-long friend, James Matthews, and he were both ruined by it. Other large shareholders were Stephen Vatcher, his brother Manuel, Edward Dicks, Charles Collier, the Spencers of Cul de Sac, and many others. The shares were £5—take as many as you wish! The total subscription was £1,500, and Joseph Dicks was elected to travel to Boston to purchase the goods (see Note 1). They erected their stores, shop, flakes, wharf, on a rocky cliff, commonly known as the

"Doughball," on the west side of Burgeo Harbour Mr. Dicks managed for three years, but was forced out, and James Matthews took charge, and carried on until they became insolvent. The premises were taken over by John Penny & Sons, who had started business in Burgeo some years before; their premises being on rocks in the centre of the harbour. Charles Penney, a brother and partner, managed for some years. Later, Geo. H. Samways bought them out.

John Penny & Sons.

The head of this large, prosperous and progressive business set up at Ramea in 1872. He was born at Somerset, England, and in 1844 was employed by Newman & Co., Gaultois, and soon afterwards married, which sort of partnership this firm disallowed. He started trading in Hermitage Bay and became successful, and after years of hard work, thrift and carefulness, found himself in good circumstances, in fact rich. In 1870 he sold out, "lock, stock and barrel," to Messrs. Bowring Bros. He had a very nice Room at Great Jervois, as I have heard on the authority of his sons, who, having been brought up in their father's business, refused to stay in Halifax.

In 1871 Mr. George Penny returned to this country and traded in this district for a year or two, when he bought the old premises of Thomas Jeans at Ship Cove. Ramea, and opened business under the name and style of John Penny & Sons, which has continued to this date. His sons, George and John, both married, settled at Ramea, and brought up families. The business has grown to large proportions the last twenty-five years. The head of the firm died at Halifax in 1903 (see Note 2). Mr. George has been on the Peace Commission, also a Commissioner of the Supreme Court. His brother John died at Halifax in 1924. Prof. John Penny, of Harvard, is his eldest son—his youngest is Rev. Father Penny of Yarmouth.

John Steer.

My old friend Joseph Dicks, after leaving the Co-operative, carried on business for John Steer of St. John's, building in the Short Reach. The effort lasted but a few years, when the large properties were removed, some sold locally (see Note 3).

McCourt & Matthews—Matthews & Samways.

Philip McCourt came on the shore as early as 1865, selling cloth, and made Burgeo his headquarters. In the early seventies he opened a shop on the premises of James Matthews, and engaged Miss Deborah Matthews to manage it. This continued for many years, and "Aunt Debby," as she

was known to everyone, built up a large cash trade. To carry the increasing stock, Mr. McCourt bought the old Jersey Room, and made Miss Matthews a partner, and so it continued until Mr. McCourt's death, which happened at his home in St. John's in the late nineties. Miss Matthews then became the owner of that business, and took on as a partner George H. Samways, under the name and style of Matthews & Samways. After the death of the former, our friend Mr. Samways carried on alone.

Robert Moulton.

About 1890 Mr. R. Moulton opened up at Philip Dicks' to manufacture cod oil, but was not long before he was in the fish trade with business places at Firby's Harbor. Mr. Moulton was a very ambitious, far-sighted and shrewd person. He had a large business with bank fishery and opened business at other centres—Grand Bruit, Rose Blanche and Burnt Island. His commercial ventures grew to large proportions and he exported freely. He built two or three large vessels and bought a number of others. At one time he must have exported as much as 50,000 qtls. fish. He gave much employment and he was a benefactor to Burgeo. . . .

He was returned twice to the House of Assembly for the District of Burgeo. About 1912 his business was taken over by St. John's parties under the name of R. Moulton, Ltd., going into liquidation some eight years after. A firm in Oporto were large creditors. The business was known later as the Burgeo and La Poile Export Co.

Thomas Moulton.

was first associated with Robert but afterwards as mentioned before took over Middleton's holdings on Firby's Point. This venture proved profitable. He took his sons George, Robert, Edgar and Lewis into the business. He died suddenly in 1920. The business is now Thos. Moulton's Sons. Edgar died in 1919, of wounds received the last part of the War.

William Webb & Sons

from Rencontre, took over Arthur Spencer's holdings at Hunt's. He started business at the old Stephen Vatcher premises in the harbor, and has done a large and extensive business in the harbor and at Hunt's.

John Matthews

was a clerk to the DeGruchy firm after leaving school, age 17. He was handicapped by the loss of a leg in 1858. His father died in 1855, but he was adopted by his grandfather, who brought him up and presented him with a leg in 1870, which he used all his life. He went to John Penny & Sons,

Ramea. He opened business for himself in Firby's Harbour, on the Samway's estate which fell to him and his wife, who was Miss Amelia Samways, when the two other heirs left Burgeo. His son Rupert joined his father and was considered a partner, but though a strong man apparently and very much of a genius, died four years after his father. His widow, after managing the business and the Post Office, removed to Boston and remarried. The business is still going on under the management of Mr. W. J. Matthews. It is a good business stand, and "Billy Joe" is a popular salesman and fellow townsman.

This I believe covers the names of firms and agents who have carried on business and trade in Burgeo from the very first, covering a period of over 80 years. I hope it will prove interesting in its various details both personally as well as commercially and as a public record of business ventures. There are many former Burgeo people, now scattered abroad who will be interested in seeing the well known names of those with whom they traded years ago.

NOTE 1—There can be no doubt that Dicks was in great danger on that Boston trip. He gave me the whole story, most dramatically told, in my study, one cold, drifty afternoon. He was followed by a crook from Burgeo to Halifax by steamers. At the Albion Hotel Dicks shook him off by threatening to shoot him. "I can take the heads off partridges every time," were the words he used to back up his threat.

NOTE 2—Mr. John Penny was a member of my Church in Halifax. He always sent an offering of holly for the decorations at Christmas. I ministered to him in his last days, and buried him in the St. John's Cemetery, Fairview.

NOTE 3—It was a great pity that a man of Mr. Joseph Dicks' stamp should, after all his ventures, have been obliged to leave Burgeo, with his wife and unmarried children, to take up life in a foreign country in his declining years. We felt that we had all sustained a deep loss through his departure.

(To be Continued.)

September.

By Marion Comstock.

SEPTEMBER, a lover unmindful of care,
Is courted by Summer, a rose in her hair,
A maiden whose fame
As a beauty is known
From seas of the north
To the southernmost zone.
But Autumn is jealous
And seeks to beguile
September with wine and a vagabond's smile.
Forgetful of Summer and all of her grace,
September is charmed
By a mischievous face.
So Summer departs
With a silent farewell,
As winds are lamenting
The sound of her knell;
And Autumn in joy of a victory won
Is flaunting her vestures anew in the sun.





LANDING CAPLIN AT TOPSAIL.



Longing For The Sea.

By Marian E. Comstock.

I long to see the flashing of waves beneath the sun
In lights of rose and turquoise
When day has just begun.
I long to hear the rhythm
Of waves upon the shore.
In strong unbroken cadence, repeated as of yore.
Again to feel the misting of iridescent spray
In shifting golden patterns
Which break and fade away.
I long to know the calmness
Of this great pulsing sea.
And make its strength and beauty a living part of me.

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LECTURE GIVEN BY RICHARD HIBBS, J.P..

BEFORE NEWFOUNDLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, APRIL 12, 1940.

(Continued.)

NEWMAN WRIGHT HOYLES, Esq., one time Colonial Treasurer, father of Sir Hugh Hoyles, said, in a speech which he made in 1835: "Since I commenced business in 1807 I had frequent occasions to cross Conception Bay, and it was considered as great an undertaking as formerly to go from Edinburgh to London. I had to take a man to carry my Portmanteau, and walk through the woods over rocks and through swamps to Portugal Cove." This same Mr. Hoyles appears to be a very disobedient person. He even refused to tear down his

Governor Prescott arrived after the departure of Governor Cochrane, and remained till the summer of 1840. At the opening of the House of Assembly in 1835, His Excellency, in his speech, spoke of the Road Bill as follows: "The Road Bill, passed in the second session of the last Parliamentary year, though excellent in principal and in much of its detail, nevertheless seems in some degree to fail in its intention, from want of a more efficient and concentrated superintendence; you will determine whether any alteration can be beneficially made in that particular."



TOPSAIL HILL.

dwelling house on the order of the Governor of that day. At this period considerable traffic between the north side of Conception Bay and St. John's was conveyed via Hodge's Packet to Kelligrews and then over the old trail to St. John's.

As one drives over the Topsail Road in a high-powered automobile to-day, it is indeed a far cry from the days when the settlers from Seal Cove to Topsail packed provisions on their backs from St. John's over the same site, then a boggy, stump-strewn trail. Samuel Dawe, of Long Pond, grandfather of our present road-builder, Joseph Dawe, who died in 1888 at the age of 93 years, was noted in those days for carrying on his back a hundred-weight of hard biscuit and all that his large red handkerchief could contain of other commodities, over this trail from St. John's to Long Pond, a distance of sixteen miles.

The reply of the House of Assembly, with reference to this Bill, was as follows: "Your Excellency: Experience has shown that in all countries civilization has kept pace with the means of facilitating intercourse. We, therefore, thank Your Excellency for calling our attention to the inefficiency of some of the provisions of so important an enactment as the Road Bill, which will not fail to receive our early consideration."

During the Administration of Governor Prescott, about \$175,000 were voted by the Legislature for opening up roads.

An extract from the report of the Commissioners of Roads for the District of St. John's in 1834 says: "Both the Summer and Winter paths to Petty Harbour commence at the base of South Side Hill, nearly opposite Mr. Job's mill; ascend this hill with

any kind of vehicle is, the Commissioners believe, impossible, and they consider it most desirable to open such a communication as would enable carts with an ordinary load to pass between St. John's and Petty Harbour."

In 1840 the Secretary of State for the Colonies recommended the formation of roads to assist in Postal facilities throughout St. John's West.

An extract from the Journal of Archdeacon Wix, on his visitation to the outports in 1835, refers to the very good road from St. John's to Portugal Cove, far different, he says, from that by which he travelled on his first visit in 1827. The late Rev. Canon Wood, who as a Deacon entered upon his first charge at Portugal Cove in 1833, said there was only one road in his mission, which extended from Seal Cove to Cape St. Francis, and that was the Portugal Cove Road.

ing Cove," and afterwards "Hudson's Cove," to a point a little beyond Newman's premises. So narrow was it in places, and particularly from where the Telegram office now stands and McBride's Hill, that two persons could easily grasp hands across it, and a cart could pass only with considerable difficulty.

The Colonist Christmas Number of 1887 said that Water Street up to 1847 was so narrow that two carriages could, in some cases, pass one another with difficulty. The old-fashioned doors, in two parts, were common in those days, and the occupants of the houses might often be seen leaning over the lower half of the door conversing with one another across the street.

In 1804, Governor Gower caused a street to be marked out, 30 feet wide, a distance of 200 yards from high water mark. Permission to build on the



COLLIER'S HILL.

The streets in St. John's, laid out during the early fifties, were Darling Street, named for Governor Darling (now Bond Street), Victoria, Cathedral, and Chapel streets. Bannerman Street was finished in 1859. The principal thoroughfares in St. John's, such as LeMarchant Road, Bannerman, Cochrane, Duckworth, Gower, Prescott, and several other streets, are named in honour of Newfoundland Governors, who were here before and during the period of construction of these streets.

In 1866 Mr. Casey, M.H.A. for St. John's West, presented a petition, from Bishop Mullock and others, asking for a sum of money to complete LeMarchant Road.

The town of St. John's, about the year 1800, presented an appearance similar to an outport fishing village. Water Street extended from the cove now known as "Job's Cove," but then called the "Water-

side facing the harbour was given upon the payment of five to ten pounds, according to the size of the building, to a fund for the relief of the poor—a section of this is now Gower Street.

The merchants of St. John's in 1811 addressed the Memorial to King George the Third, as follows: "We beg leave to state to your Royal Majesty that the town of St. John's, with the exception of one house, is built of wood, that the principal street is, in one place, not more than six feet wide, that all our streets are narrow, unpaved and unlighted." The Editor of "The Chronicle Newspaper," in the sixties, said that he remembered a time when two horses, laden with hay, could not pass each other opposite W. and H. Thomas' premises—the same site that Delgado's building now occupies. In 1860 the road from St. John's to Black Head was built, to serve the settlements of Black Head, Fresh Water

and Cape Spear; during the same year the Rev. John Pearson petitioned the Assembly asking for the construction of a road on the south side of St. John's. During the period 1830 to 1875 practically all the streets in the older section of St. John's were built.

Now, with regard to the roads outside of St. John's. In the session of 1834, one hundred and fifty pounds were set apart by the Legislature to be expended in opening a road to Topsail. The Commissioners said of this road: "In affecting this object of the Legislature the Commissioners found that, by adopting the Brookfield Road as far as it went, they should be availing themselves of nearly seven miles of existing road, and that at the same time it would form part of a new line to Topsail, having the advantage over the former route of possessing a far better level, while the distance is not

was completed. In 1862, Benjamin Squires, then the oldest inhabitant of Chamberlain's, having gone to live there 38 years previous, sought from the Government remuneration for his two sons who used to ferry passengers over the gut of Manuel's Pond, or Emanuel's Pond.

In 1849, Messrs. Molloy and Strapp, and others of Harbour Main, Holyrood and Chapel's Cove, petitioned the Assembly, in relation to the great risk of life and loss of time, by being obliged to carry around Cape St. Francis to St. John's the product of their industry; they asked for a branch road at Chamberlain's from Topsail Road to the Beach. This was granted later, and is now known as Chamberlain's Road.

On June 18th, 1863, Thos. Byrne, left to survey a new Main Line of road at the head of Conception Bay. He later made a survey of a Northern Postal



ROCKY RIVER NEAR COLINET.

increased. The Commissioners have, therefore, opened a road nine feet wide from the termination of the Brookfield Road to Topsail, a distance of five miles." There is reason to believe that this road was allowed to fall into a bad state of disrepair, as Professor J. B. Jukes, the Geologist, tells us that, when making an excursion to Topsail in 1842, he found the first five miles of the road from St. John's in a condition good enough for a horse to trot along on it—the rest was merely marked out, being a rough foot path cut through woods, leaving the stumps and roots of the trees exposed."

There is an old record which says it was decided, in 1836, to build the Topsail Road to Kelligrews 20 feet wide clear of the drains, also to widen the Petty Harbour Road in like manner. It was not, however, until the year 1856-57 that the road along the South Shore of Conception Bay to Holyrood

Route connecting the Northern Bays.

In 1864, Mr. Nowlan, M.H.A. for Harbour Main, asked to have a road opened from the Long Bridge at Salmon Cove (now Avondale) to Lee's Point.

The Main Line from here to Collier's, or at least a distance of about four miles of it, does not coincide with the location of that thoroughfare in its first construction.

The original construction made a circuitous route, beginning at Moor's in Avondale, crossed Salmon Cove River at a point known now as "Dan Kennedy's Bridge," thence by way of Dollard's Hill to Conception Harbour.

Thomas O'Keefe, an Irishman, residing in Harbour Main, was one of the superintendents in building this new Main Road—the rate of pay was equivalent to 80c. per day. At the time of the building of the new Main Line, 76 years ago, the

"Big Ridge" at Avondale was constructed on the present site.

In the old days the younger element of each settlement would use the bridge in the locality as a rendezvous, and almost nightly a dance would be held there. This custom is portrayed in the famous poem, "The Bridge of Avondale"; the chorus is:

"The Bridge of Avondale—
In sunshine, rain or hail,
We'd hasten to that rendezvous,
The Bridge of Avondale."

The first surveyor and road-maker in Port de Grave District was Joshua Green, who afterwards emigrated to Australia with his family. The name of his estate was "Greendale," and it is now the Foley property; he lived there from about 1812 to 1836.

The first road made in Brigus was from Nolan's corner to Mill's corner, across the Pond; gates on each end were shut at night. Then, in 1830, Charles Cousens built the old Goulds Road, from Brigus to the Goulds, a distance of five miles. It was known then as "Cochranedale," in honour of the Governor.

In 1836 the road was built from Northern Gut, Port de Grave, to Collier's Bay, also the road from Collier's Bay to head of Holyrood. The local Commissioners at this time were Thomas Ridley, Thomas Chancey, John Elson and John Stark.

In 1859 arrangements were made to improve the old roads in Conception Bay North, both as to route and construction. Mr. Byrne, the Irish road-builder and surveyor, to whom I have referred, and Mr. Hearn, of Brigus, constructed the new line around Conception Bay in 1860. Mr. John Roache built the South Pond Road, known as Roache's Line, under the Thorburn Government.

Joseph Noad, Surveyor General, stated in his report to the Government, in 1854, that, "between Brigus and Salmon Cove, the country had been explored, and a new line of road laid out between those places, which, if adopted, would avoid Bedlam Hill, over which the old road was built."

The old Main Line around the north side of Conception Bay was built by Green, and in 1860 it was improved on by Byrne and Hearn.

In 1886 three hundred men were at work repairing roads near Brigus; the work was supervised by John Roache, and the pay was equal to fifty cents a day.

Judge Brenton, of the Supreme Court, while at Harbour Grace, in 1834, complained of the state of the roads, and especially the one leading from Harbour Grace to Carbonear.

Mr. Noad, whom I have referred to before, was,

in the forties, a famous road-builder. He laid out Harvey Street, Noad Street, and other streets in Harbour Grace and neighbourhood.

The Pynns, Hanrahans, Connells, Peddles and Thomeys were strong advocates of roads. In 1835 a meeting was called at Carbonear to choose Commissioners of roads and appraisers. The meeting which took place on September 13th. was convened by John Buckingham, J.P. and the Commissioners appointed were, Thomas Haney J.P., James Power M.H.A., Michael Howley, H. Herder, J. McCarthy, W. Jollings, Stephen Daniel and W. H. Taylor. In May 1836 sealed tenders were called for the building of a new road from Harbour Grace to Carbonear, 26 feet wide, exclusive of a clear drain, 12 inches thick of gravel in center, rounded off to 6 inches at the sides to be completed by December 18th. of the said year. In the same year tenders were called for the building of a road from Riverhead of Harbour Grace, to the head of Northern Gut, Port de Grave District. Another contract published in 1836 called for tenders to construct one mile of road on the new line from Carbonear to Heart's Content. The work to commence at Carbonear, and the road to be sixteen feet wide. In the same year Mr. McCarthy, M.H.A. for Carbonear District presented a petition from Thomas Chancey, John Walsh and others of Carbonear, asking that three miles of road be made in a western direction from Carbonear to Island Pond.

In 1871 Hon. John Rorke, stated, "By opening up roads in the country, you will secure a great deal of the legitimate revenue. Let the roads be opened up everywhere throughout the country, by so doing, agriculture will flourish, you will increase the revenue, and you will spread peace, plenty and prosperity among our people."

The early story of path finding and transportation in the District of Ferryland contained much of historic interest. The French invasion of Bay Bulls, in which the village was pillaged and destroyed, the early struggle for supremacy between the English and the French, in which this settlement, as well as others along the Southern Shore, was the scene of conflict on more than one occasion, is well known.

In those days the route from Bay Bulls to St. John's was by the foot path over the Long Ridge, through Petty Harbour and Shoal Bay and thence by a path over the South-side Hill, reaching the Riverhead of St. John's near the "King's Watering Place" a little above where the Long Bridge now stands.

(To be Continued.)

The Passing of William J. Carroll, M.B.E.



With the passing of William J. Carroll, M.B.E., on the 2nd day of September, 1940, the city of St. John's lost one of its best known and most highly esteemed sons. He was born on December 6th, 1861, and in the course of his long life he gave to every phase of the life of the city of his birth a contribution characteristic of his generous and many-sided



THE LATE WILLIAM J. CARROLL, M.B.E.

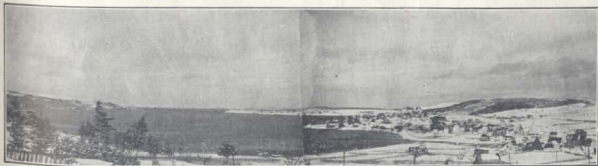
personality. He supervised the preparation of the site of Bannerman Park, was one of the founders of the celebrated Academia Club, and his interest in education, and in particular in St. Bonaventure's College, of which he was a Governor, continued all his life, from the days when a student, fresh from St. Bonaventure's, he taught school at Riverhead. He was one of the oldest members of the Benevolent Irish Society, and always an active member of the Game and Inland Fisheries Board.

No work was more typical of his life-long interest in the city than his last public achievement—the erection of the iron railing around Belvedere Cemetery. The idea of this originated with him, and, unaided, he collected the funds necessary for its erection.

From the time he entered the Civil Service, as clerk in the Registry of Deeds, in 1893, until his retirement, in 1934, as Sheriff of the Supreme Court, he had been closely associated with Bench and Bar and won the regard and affection of the entire legal profession. When in former years he travelled with the Supreme Court on Circuit, he was a welcome guest at all places visited by the Court, and it was through him that many young solicitors came in close touch with those who entertained the Bench and Bar. Shortly after his retirement from office he was made a member of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire.

His was a life that was rich in friendship and happy in the love of simple things. He loved Newfoundland as few men have loved her. Few knew better the lakes and forests, hills and rivers of our island, and none loved them more. His many friends will miss a charming raconteur and a mind of unusually wide sympathies. He had a facile and poetic pen and frequently contributed to the local press and foreign publications, contributing to the latter articles of unusual interest on fishing and sport.

In 1893 he married Miss Mary G. Ryan, and his forty-seven years of married life were ideally happy. His wife fully shared his profound love of literature and all his interest in charities and educational work. To her in her great bereavement and irreparable loss, *THE QUARTERLY* extends its most heartfelt sympathy.



VIEW OF HEART'S CONTENT WHERE THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL ATLANTIC CABLE WAS LANDED.

WANDERLUST.

By Capt. Leo C. Murphy.

SEUMAS paused awhile in the midst of the hay-cutting on the small field on the hillside. Wiping his forehead, he looked down towards the Cove, where the little cottage snuggled in close to the cliff, and then out to where the waters were curling, and the sea-winds beating in.

He was sick and tired of this wearying life, a monotonous existence at best. Ploughing the land in the early Spring, seeing the sun come up over the green and gold crops later on, gathering the harvest, and knowing every tree and sod and stone on this straggling farm.

He felt the urge to get away from this atmosphere—a quiet, melancholy loneliness that was weighing him down, and now the news that his school-friend Padrig had secured a clerical job in the city made the whole picture more unattractive.

Following the narrow, dust-covered path he came to the farm, and laid the scythe down in the barn. There was a set expression on his face as he crossed the threshold, and looked at his Mother sitting there by the well-scrubbed table. "I'm through with it now," he said, firmly, "I think I'll be taking a trip to America or Canada, where the other boys have gone."

The Widow glanced at her healthy, bronzed son with tired eyes. Maureen Donavin had felt this coming somehow. Hadn't "himself" been a bit of a wanderer in his time. He had rounded the Cape when he was only the broth of a boy; he could spin yarns of the summer spent off the Banks of Newfoundland, and there had been a long sea voyage from which he had returned thoroughly cured, but with a substantial bit of money, which made possible the purchase of their present holding. It was keeping them now that he had passed on, when Seumas was only 12; she had thoughts that perhaps her only boy would marry and settle, and perhaps make the old place the nest she had always hoped it would be.

"You'll come back, Seumas," the old woman said, with a sigh. "Your Father did, too."

"I'll never come back, Mother," muttered the young man, hoarsely, and from the hazel-bushes there came the singing of a blackbird.

trance to the Cove. The tang of the sea came through the hay in the late August of a year later as the Widow Donovan was reading her evening prayers by the light of the open door. Autumn was here once more, and the harvest was home; the hay gathered through some of the younger men from nearby taking an interest, and another lad had helped all during the summer for a very small consideration.

There had been several letters from Seumas, but in neither one had he made mention of his plans. Apparently, he had found employment of some character, for there had been two or three Money Orders, and these spoke for themselves, the Mother figured. He did say something about the Cities getting on his nerves, and the constant rush of getting here and there was vastly different from the life on the hillside.

The August evening was drawing to a close; lilac hues were in the sky, and a scatter of stars came. Life could be very lonely for an old person when summer was fading, and the indoor season was close at hand. But, Maureen thought, youth must have its fling, and Seumas had not been selfish. If only Patricia Connors had not gone in for school-teaching so soon . . . who knows?

She closed the door, and sat by the kitchen-table, preparing to trim the lamp, for the night was fast closing in. Around the bend of the road a tall, stalwart figure paid the driver of a waggon, and came on to the by-path, with a valise in his hand, and a raglan thrown carelessly over his shoulder. Seumas—a year older, but much firmer in step and keener in expression—came through the pailing gate to the farm. Slowly he opened the door.

His Mother looked at him, doubtfully, as if she were dreaming.

"I knew you would come back," she said, and she reached up her trembling arms to draw his head down to hers.

From the hazel bushes nearby came the singing of a blackbird, while in a little village, some miles away, a young smiling School-ma'am (who seemed to know, too, that Seumas had returned) was sending in her resignation to the School-Board.

The waves roamed and foamed around the en-



KING GEORGE AND HIS WORKMEN.

King George was paying a visit to men of the Royal Navy in Britain, but the dockyard workers also came into the picture when they met and cheered their King.

FREEDOM'S STRONGHOLD.

By Ethel Weir.

I.

SEA-GIRT LAND! thou'rt not alone
As dark the war clouds lower,
For thy children rally 'round thee
In this crucial hour;
And are serving
With unswerving
Aim, to crush tyrannic power.

II.

One by one the other nations
That had neutral stayed,
Fell, because by basest treachery
They had been betrayed;
And in falling
An appalling
Load was on thy shoulders laid.

III.

From the beaches, troops were ferried
In that great withdrawal;
Screened by smoke and planes in action
O'er that human wall;
Nobly standing
Till each landing
Was accomplished. They gave all.

IV.

Friendly land! the homeless seek thee
As in days of yore;
From six countries devastated,
Refugees outdoor;
Shells are flying
As they're hieing
To the sanctuary of thy shore.

V.

Thou art now by strong defences
Island fortress made;
And thy fleet still rules the waters;
While a tight blockade
It is keeping
Waking, sleeping,
To protect the routes of trade.

VI.

Valiant land! Amongst the nations
Thou art lifted high;
Holding firm the torch of hope,
As darker days drag by;
All admiring
Thy inspiring
Pledge of faith with those who die.

THE WEATHER.

By Bertille Tobin.



AS there ever a subject of conversation that could stand such wear and tear, and still preserve an air of enchanting freshness as the much used one, the Weather? I think not. Just ponder for a little while on this medium of mental exchange.

We wake in the morning and our second thought, if not our first, is, what sort of a day is it? Great, if it's fine! Too bad, if it's raining, and duty or pleasure demands our going out. Awful, if it be winter-time and a storm is raging!

We come downstairs, and, ten to one, our first words are, "It's a fine day!" or, "Pretty wet, eh!" or, "Rather rough outdoors this morning!" We eat our breakfast, and it is strange if we do not mix in another weather comment, or two, with the viands of which the morning meal consists.

That is only the prelude—on leaving home the real thing takes on. If it is a fine day, every friend we meet announces the fact as enthusiastically as if he or she were its first discoverer, and we find ourselves agreeing with the same ardor. O, yes, indeed, the weather is the most agreeable subject in the world. We say "It's a fine day," and our friends answer, "Great, isn't it?" and, each feeling a glow of renewed friendliness, we pass on our different ways. Of course, have we time to spare, we expatiate more fully on the matter. "It was very warm last night." "Time for us to get some fine weather, though." "It was very cold up to lately." "If the heat keeps up too long everything will be burnt up."

If the rain is pouring down, we, somehow, never take it for granted that the other person is aware of it, for we gravely announce, "It's very wet to-day," or, "Awful downpour," etc., and we get the usual run of answers—"Indeed, it is." "Very disagreeable," etc.

The condition of the streets or roads also forms part of the subject. "Very dusty!" "O, yes, rain is badly needed." Or, if it be raining—"Awful muddy, isn't it?" Or should wintry conditions prevail—"Very snowy!" "Tiresome walking!" "Awful slippery; no trouble to get a toss now!" "No, indeed; you need to be careful." Or, coming on Spring—"Dreadful sloppy, isn't it?" "Yes, we're sure to get it like this for a while every year."

Nor is the subject confined to daytime observa-

tions—night-time comes in for its share also. "It's a glorious night!" "O, yes, isn't it bright?" Whilst, for variety sake, we say to the next person—"Bright to-night!" and probably hear, "Beautiful, isn't it?" And thus it goes on and on through day and night, the good old reliable subject, the Weather, that seems to be in keeping with all occasions, and never seems to lose its novelty. We talk of it to our dearest friends; we use it on our nearest acquaintances; we employ it with our equals, superiors, and inferiors, and we even broach it to our enemies. It is, indeed, a sort of universal lingua franca, and it has tidied over more conversational complications than all the diplomats in the world combined.

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GIVE TO THEM.

By Harriet Mae Stoyton.

LIKE tall tapers,
Burning with a steady light,
A loving word, a helping hand,
Will soon dissolve the dark
Of our despair,
And give us courage to press on,
Until the crown of life is won.

The Field of Waterloo.

(Continued from page 19.)

and his circle and that Salisbury had never met Parnell, is illuminating in throwing light on the characters and methods of these two great parliamentary generals. It was not from the same motives that Wellington never met Napoleon, but from the fact that, although he had been for years fighting the French on the Continent, he and Napoleon never came to close quarters or fought on the same battlefields until the day they met at Waterloo, and even then Wellington did not see Napoleon. In the "Life and Times of King Edward VII," by Sir Richard Holmes, an interesting anecdote explains this. King Edward VII, as a boy, worshipped Wellington who lived for eleven years after the birth of the future king. One morning the young Prince of Wales displayed with pride a drawing which he



NAPOLEON.

had made representing Napoleon on horse-back levelling a pi-stol at the head of the Duke, who was advancing with sword drawn to cut down his enemy. Just at this moment the Duke of Wellington entered the Prince's room. "You are just the man I want to see," cried the boy, holding up his picture in delight. "How is that?" asked the veteran duke. "Why, because you can best criticise my drawing," said the Prince. "Now, can you tell me who is on the left?" he went on, showing the drawing to the Duke. "Well," said the latter, "from the waistcoat and the hat I can see it is meant for Napoleon." "Right," said the Prince; "and who is the other?" "By the cut of the features I should say it was myself," "Right again," answered the Prince. "Well

now, what I want to know is—is the drawing accurate?" The old Duke put down the drawing and impressively answered: "My boy, I am going to tell you something that the English people don't know. I never in my life set eyes on Napoleon! Once, in the midst of a battle, someone cried "Look! there is Napoleon! Before I could get the field glass to my eyes the smoke from a field gun had enveloped him."

During the months we were at the Hague the Court did not sit on Saturdays, and as a rule we spent Saturday and Sunday in Belgium, France and distant parts of Holland. In the year 1910, the 18th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, fell on Saturday, and early on that morning, with some American friends, we motored from Brussels to the battlefield. The distance (I write from memory) is about fifteen miles, through a delightful woods, over a well kept road, the same as Wellington and his army marched over on the night of the celebrated ball at Brussels. The weather was much the same as a fine July day in Newfoundland. A thick mist covered the land during the early morning. One can best describe the run from Brussels to Waterloo as a drive through a well-wooded, beautiful park, with glorious tall trees, whose over-spreading branches and thick foliage completely hide the sun even at noon. We seem to have hardly left the historic square in Brussels, where stands the Equestrian statue of Godfrey de Bouillon—the spot where he formed his first little Army of Crusaders, with their slogan of "God Wills It"—when suddenly we come out on to an open plain. You are on the field of Waterloo. There is the lion. In the distance you see in the centre of a great plain an immense pyramid lifting itself hundreds of feet into the air, on the top of which stands the lion of Waterloo. The monument commemorates the defeat of the French army by the English, Dutch, Belgians and Prussians on the 18th of June, 1815, and records the bloodiest day of modern battles. The base of the monument or pyramid is about 2 000 feet around, and the lion, made of metal from guns recovered on the battlefield, weighing about three tons, stands on the top of the mound, its head turned towards France and one of its paws resting on a globe symbolic of the world. The site of the monument is the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded, where the last stand was made by the French that fateful evening, when Wellington gave the order "Up Guards and at them," and just before the French faltered, broke, and fled.

When we alight we go up the side of the monu-

ment by the aid of some two hundred and fifty steps, and from the top you have a magnificent view of the battlefield. Spread out before you is a quiet, peaceful agricultural scene, the whole country being intensively cultivated. Even the immense grassy slopes of the monument are grazed by lambs and sheep. The country, as far as the eye can reach, is level, but undulating, much leveler than on the day of the famous battle, as since then thousands of tons of material required to construct the pyramid have been taken from the battlefield. In all other respects the field of Waterloo is the same. The fate of Europe was decided here on that memorable day, on a field that would not be regarded as too large for four or five farmers in Newfoundland, with reasonable help, to cultivate. To-day we have a battlefield, in almost the same country, extending nearly one hundred and fifty miles, with three million men engaged. A battle commenced, as I write four



THE LION OF WATERLOO.

months ago, and to all appearances hardly yet fully under way. Engraved on the monument, on the east and west sides, is the simple legend "18 June, 1815," and yet, on reflection, no words would seem more eloquent or more calculated to impress than these plain words, fittingly solemn and sublime for the Epitaph of the heroes of five nations, and the hopes and aspirations buried in their graves. When Byron visited Waterloo, in 1816, no monument had been erected. All are familiar with the stanzas in "Childe Harold" commemorating his visit:

"Stop!—For thy tread is on an Empire's dust!

An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!

Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust?

Nor column trophied for triumphal show?

None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,

As the ground was before, thus let it be;—

How that red rain has made the harvest grow!

And is this all the world has gained by thee,

Thou first and last of fields! king-making victory?"

At day-break on the 15th of June the first engagement took place between Napoleon and the

Prussians near Charleroi. On that evening Wellington was at Brussels and present at the famous ball. He had purposely attended it with a view of quieting and allaying the fears of the citizens of Brussels. The ball was given by the Duchess of Richmond, and has been immortalized as much by the stanza in "Childe Harold" as by the occasion on which it was held, and those who attended:

"There was a sound of revelry by night,

And Belgian's capital had gathered then,

Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright

The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when

Music arose with its voluptuous swell,

Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,

And all went merry as a marriage bell;

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!"



PRINCE OF ORANGE.

When at Brussels we were shown the site of the ball-room which then consisted of a common granary or store which the poetic genius of Byron converted into a room of oriental proportions. Everyone is familiar with the line—"Within a windowed niche of that high hall sat Brunswick's fated Chieftan." Wellington left the ball with the Prince of Orange when it was half through, and marched with his army out to Waterloo. Further on in the Canto, Byron refers to the breaking up of the ball, and the battle next day:

"Ah! then, and there was hurrying to and fro,

And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,

And cheeks all pale which but an hour ago

Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;

And there were sudden partings, such as press

The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs

Which ne'er might be repeated, who could guess

If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet! such awful morn could rise!

* * * * *

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms—the day
 Battl's magnificently stera array!

The thunder clouds close o'er it which when rent
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
 Rider and horse—friend, foe, in one red burial blent."

The next day Napoleon attacked Blucher at Ligny, the latter being forced to retreat, while Ney attacked the allied army at Quatre Bras about ten miles from Waterloo. Seeing that an encounter with Napoleon was inevitable, Wellington chose the plain of Mont Saint Jean, now called Waterloo, as the theatre for the battle. In reality the battlefield is about seven



THE CHAPEL OF HUGOMONT.

miles from the village of Waterloo. The battle derives its name from Waterloo village, because here it was that Wellington wrote the celebrated despatch to the British Government announcing the victory of the allied armies. Wellington had visited the battlefield the previous year and, it is said, noted it as a possible site for a great battle. Being on the ground first he selected the most favourable site leaving the unfavourable one for Napoleon. As now, so it was then, Sunday was a favourite day for a battle, and Sunday, June the 18th, was the day chosen by Napoleon for the long deferred duel with Wellington. Wellington fully appreciated what was before him. The day preceding the battle, as well as the night, a downpour of torrential rain took place, followed by a fearful storm. The troops, without any protection, were drenched and were soaking with rain. Blucher, who was making a forced march to join Wellington, travelled the greater part of the night. Wellington had under his command about 60,000 troops:

25,000 British, 17,000 Dutch, 11,000 Belgians and Hanoverians, and 6,000 Brunswickers, with 156 cannon; while Napoleon had 72,000 French troops and 256 cannon. Napoleon had the advantage of Wellington in that he had more men, better men, old trained experienced French soldiers all of one nationality, and many of whom had fought with him before on many a victorious battle-field under the Eagles of France. The Duke's army was a heterogeneous collection badly equipped, short in numbers and also in field guns, and for this reason Wellington had urged Blucher to come to his assistance and bring with him his whole army. Standing on the top of the monument you see in the direction of the lion's head—that is to the West—where the army of Wellington was encamped, and to the East that of Napoleon. As I gazed on the quiet peaceful scene spread out before me, I tried to imagine myself back a century looking on that fearful conflict when thousands of lives were sacrificed. Where countless homes were robbed of their bread winner, finding a grave in a foreign land, not in defence of any great principle, but merely to satisfy the ambition and lust of power of one individual. The years that had gone seemed to roll before me with all their accumulated regrets. This year, when at the Derby, as I looked out from an elevation commanding a view of the whole Epsom Downs, with its quarter of a million people, saw its tents, colours, flags, banners, horses, motors, busses, carriages, and all varieties of vehicles, and its bands of music, it occurred to me that here was an illustration of what a great battle-field must be like in the days of Napoleon, when, when colours, banners, bands and trappings played such a great part.

The battle of Waterloo commenced at noon and was over the same day at 7 p.m. When the troops rose in the early morning of the 18th it was still drizzling rain. The positions taken up by both armies being on slopes, enabled them easily to see each other. Across the slopes ran the high road to Brussels, over which we had just motored. Nearby was the farm house La Haye Sainte, south of the village of Waterloo but on the road to Quatre Bras. Opposite to it, but on the same road and within the French line, was the farm house of La Belle Alliance, the headquarters of Napoleon. On the angle of the northern slope, serving as the key to the British position, was Hugomont, an old red brick chateau. Around these two buildings all day was the white hot point of the battle. The little brick enclosed farm-yard of the chateau formed a natural fortress that, during the battle, was like one

of the pits in the Inferno. It was never taken by the French, but its present condition even to-day shows that it was literally shot to pieces. I went over the walls and examined every foot of them which are pitted with scores of bullets, grape and canister. Fifteen hundred men were killed here in one hour. The old well in the yard is shown, into which it is said three hundred bodies, dead and alive, were thrown on that day. A portion of the family chapel in the chateau still stands. We were brought into it by the old French woman who now lives there, and shown the life-size Crucifix on the wall. The fire broke out in the chapel; the burned walls are there showing where the fire burned up to the foot of the Crucifix and then went out of its own accord. It was about 11.45 when the first shot was fired from the English guns. The French artillery replied, and then a cannonading took place that never was equalled before.

(To be Continued.)



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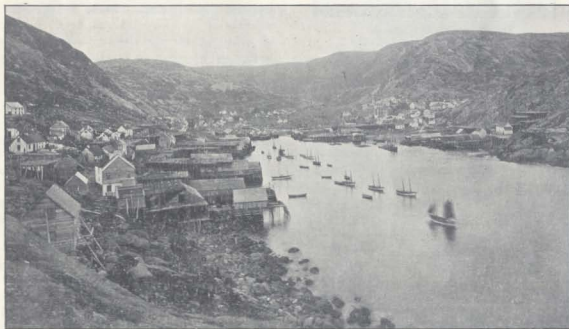
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